

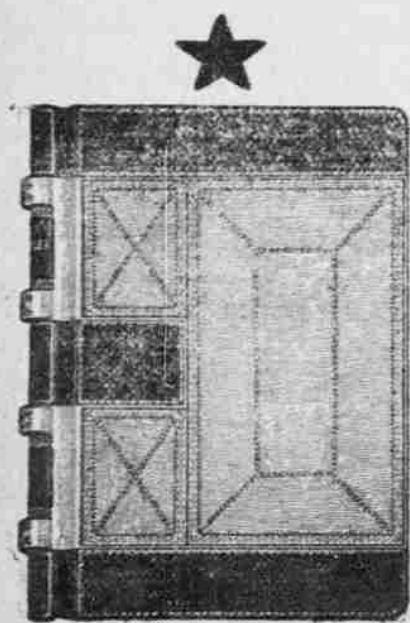
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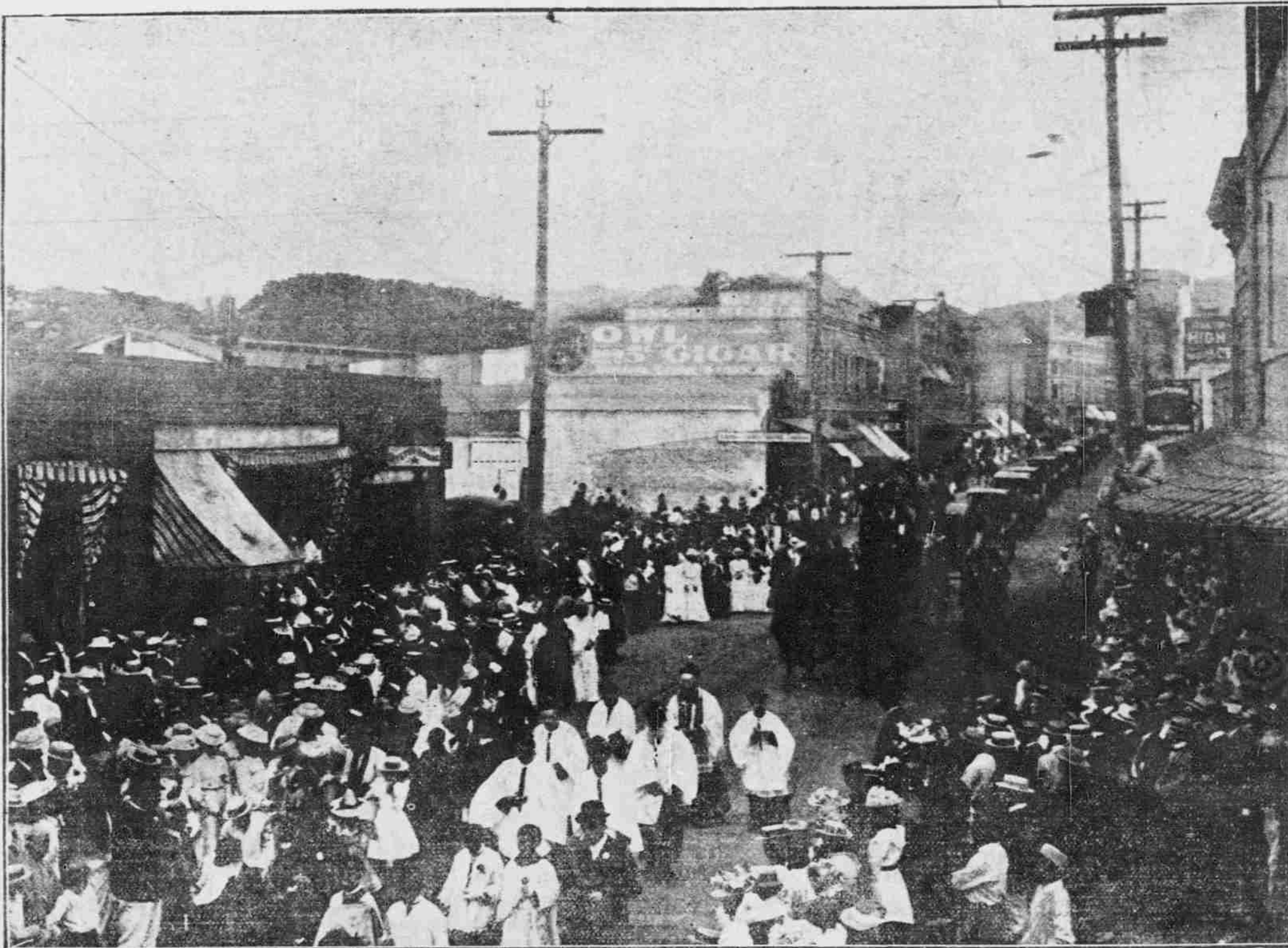
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FUNERAL OF BISHOP GULSTAN



BISHOP GULSTAN'S FUNERAL PASSING FORT AND HOTEL STREETS.

"Requiescat in pace," chanted Pro-Vicar Libert.

"Amen," sang the choir; and as the words died away, lost in the strains of the organ, a congregation which filled to overflowing the Catholic Cathedral, with bowed heads, waited for the passing beneath the sacred roof of the mortal remains of Gulstan, Bishop of Honolulu, whose rule over the diocese had been marked by progress and whose memory will be kept green in the hearts of all who knew him.

Notable indeed was the gathering in the Cathedral, for it was a company which knows no common creed, worship in no single form, owns no uniform allegiance. Men and women of all nationalities and religions there were assembled to do honor to the man who as priest, bishop and gentleman endeavored himself to thousands of Hawaiians. The incense of the sweetest flowers made heavy the air, and the solemn stillness which reigned within the walls bore testimony to the heartfelt grief which united all in the moment of the last rites. The tributes to the memory of the late head of the Catholic church in the Hawaiian Islands were offered at his bier, not by his churchmen alone, but by hundreds of others who followed the casket containing the soulless clay to the tomb.

The Cathedral was filled early in the day, though the services were to take place at 10 o'clock, and the devout who had known the departed in the close relationship of spiritual adviser, dotted the interior of the building as they murmured their petitions for the rest of his soul. The crowd came from every part of the city, the streets leading to the Cathedral being filled early, and the lines of carriages and marching men clogging the surrounding thoroughfares long before the hour for the mass. The interior of the edifice was transformed by the decorations. All along the gallery rail depended masses of black and white, and the note of color was carried into the altar. The throne of the Bishop was covered in black, and on the gospel side of the altar a skull and cross-bones bore mute testimony to the shortness of human life.

The casket rested on an elevated bier erected in the center of the church. The black of its covering and the white of its decoration were almost hidden in the masses of flowers. Such a profusion of these fragrant testimonials of the affection of a bereaved people has been seldom seen. Crosses in carnations and marguerites, branches of roses and leis of ilima and maile alike were cast in artistic profusion on the terraces of the bier and about its base. At the foot of the dead hung a wreath in the tri-color of France, his native land, to which his memory turned even at the last, and which divided his affections with the tropic land of his adoption. Flowers appeared everywhere, the lectern, draped in black and white, being relieved by wreaths of blooms. And while the soft light of the candles was shed upon the shades

of the fragrant flowers, it threw into high relief, as well, the draped casket, on which rested the mitre of the Bishop and the golden crook, symbol of the office which he had so long decorated.

The first seats around the bier were occupied by the consular representatives of the two nations whose subjects to such great degree make up the church. M. Antoine Vizzavona of France sitting at the left of the altar, and Senhor M. De Souza Canavarro of Portugal at the right. Behind these were the pall bearers, while Mr. Cooper, the representative of the Governor, surrounded by his staff, occupied the front row of chairs on the one side and representatives of the Federal judiciary and other officials of the government occupied those on the other side. The consular corps, members of the professions, and representative business men of the city gathered in the space reserved about the bier, and the people filled to its capacity the remainder of the church, the galleries and the space about the windows. There was not a foot which was unoccupied.

The service for the dead was read by Pro-Vicar Libert, assisted by Fathers Clement, Stephen, Mathias and Valentin, and the choral portions were rendered by the Brothers of St. Louis College. The mass was followed by the special service about the bier, and with its conclusion, the procession of the priests and their attendants was formed and the body was conveyed from the Cathedral to the tomb.

From the Cathedral to Hotel street, awaiting the termination of the services in the church, the procession was in line, needing only the signal of the marshal, S. J. Salter, to take up the sad march to the tomb. Resting on Hotel street was a platoon of police officers under Captain Kane and two mounted officers, Senior Captain Parker being in command. Behind them was a place left for the Territorial band, under Captain Berger. Then came fifty little girls from the Sacred Heart convent school, under nuns of the order, followed by graduates and sixty native women wearing black holokau. The boys of St. Francis school came next, and behind them was the Concordia band, in uniforms of white. The Lusitana Society, numbering nearly a hundred Portuguese men, were arranged two by two, followed by the San Antonio Society of a hundred men, and the Holy Ghost Society. The members of Damien Council, Young Men's Institute, were out in large numbers. The pupils of St. Louis College and the School band were next in line, under Brother Thomas and the faculty. The altar boys, in red cassocks and lace surplices, came next, lending brilliant coloring to the otherwise somber aspect of the procession. One boy carried the Bishop's mitre, another his crozier, another the vessel containing holy water, and still another bore the censer. Pro-Vicar Libert and all the priests preceded the hearse, which was drawn by four black horses. The first carriage directly behind the hearse was occupied by Mons. A. Vizzavona, consul for France, and Senhor A. De Souza Canavarro, consul for Portugal. Other members of the consular corps followed, together with Secretary of the Territorial Cooper, Adjutant General Soper, and the Governor's staff in dress uniform. Other territorial and Federal officials were in carriages.

When finally, about 11 o'clock, the Territorial band, which was stationed opposite the Cathedral entrance, commenced playing the "Dead March in Saul," the thousands of people lining Fort street knew that the church services were over. Soon the ushers, George Sea, F. C. Creedon and Harry Davison, appeared, followed by the pall bearers carrying the heavy metallic casket. The pall bearers were Hon. S. M. Damon, F. A. Schaefer, Justice A. Perry, Prince Kawanakoa, John Ena, John Hughes, F. W. Macfarlane, Dr. Walters, J. F. Eckardt, Brother Bertram.

The procession moved slowly along the route to the cemetery, uncovered heads of thousands lining the streets its entire length. The adoration of the beloved Bishop was shown by the hundreds of people who walked the dusty streets to the grave. The various bands alternated in playing the Dead March. Business houses were closed and all workers were given an opportunity to pay their respects to the deceased prelate.

Upon arrival at the cemetery the casket was borne into the grounds by the pall bearers between serried lines of people of all the nationalities represented here. The grave was a cement lined receptacle on the makai side of the big black cross in the center of the cemetery. The casket was placed upon the straps, and when Father Libert had sprinkled the casket and grave with holy water and the brothers of St. Louis College commenced the chanting of the service, it was lowered automatically into its last resting place. As it disappeared from view, sobbing was heard. At this point Consul Vizzavona stepped forward and delivered the eulogy in French, the translation of which is as follows:

Reverend Brothers and Sisters: It is with the most profound respect that I bow down to this newly opened and hallowed grave which awaits the entombment of the head of the French Catholic Mission in Hawaii. I will not undertake to relate the apostleship of the Right Rev. Gulstan F. Ropert, for whose loss we grieve today. You knew him as well as I. He was one of that noble phalanx of missionaries who, renouncing everything and giving up family, friends and country forever, have come to the Hawaiian Islands in the past fifty years to spread the faith and teach lessons of inexhaustible charity. Poor they come, poor they live, poor they die.

During the ten years I have spent in Honolulu I have been able to thoroughly appreciate Monsignor Gulstan Ropert's kindness, uprightness, piety and love of duty as a prince of the church. His motto was everything for others and nothing for himself.

It is on account of the noble feelings which inspired him until he felt the blow of the disease that was to end his life, that I, as the representative of France, his mother country, which he so strongly loved until he breathed his last—and he loved with a Breton's heart—and as his sincere and devoted friend, I feel in duty bound to pay to his memory the last testimony of esteem and affection, and also to ask all who were acquainted with him to keep his memory in pious regret and tender remembrances.

Monsignor Gulstan, adieu.
When at last the grave was closed in, Hawaiian women covered the mound with the beautiful floral trib-

utes which had been sent to the Mission by hundreds, the multitude went its way, and the last sad rites were finished.

OBITUARY.

Death of an Old Parishoner of Bishop Restarick.

Mrs. J. A. Barnes who died in this city on Monday, January 5, was born in Delaware County, New York, in 1827, of parents whose ancestors came to Massachusetts in 1630. Her maiden name was Currence Bostwick and after her marriage to Mr. J. A. Barnes in 1851, she went at once to live in Delaware, Ohio. In 1888 Mrs. Barnes removed to San Diego, California, where she made her home with her son, Dr. F. J. Barnes, until she came to Honolulu in the latter part of 1901 to visit another son, W. P. Barnes, at whose house on Beretania street she died. Mrs. Barnes, has, for many years, been deeply interested in the work of the Episcopal church of which she was a devoted member. From the time she went to Ohio she was identified with St. Peter's Church and at San Diego at St. Paul's Church where Bishop Restarick was rector. She was for years secretary of the Mission Chapter of the Guild and an active member of the Woman's Auxiliary. It was a source of much gratification to her that Bishop Restarick, her old rector, could be with her in her last illness. He administered the Holy Communion to her on Christmas day, and read the burial service over her at St. Andrew's Cathedral on January 5, when she was laid to rest in Nuuanu cemetery. It is intended later to remove the remains to Ohio.

Besides her son here she leaves two others, Dr. F. J. Barnes of San Diego, Dr. Bostwick Barnes of Douglas, Arizona, and a daughter, Mrs. W. D. Cherrington, of Athens, Ohio.

Mrs. Barnes was a woman of marked intellectual ability and had a keen interest in the affairs of the world up to a few days before her death. Her piety was of that deep, quiet kind which made her greatly beloved by all who knew her. May she rest in peace.

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